

C L A S S ' 4 0

LONDON NORMAL SCHOOL

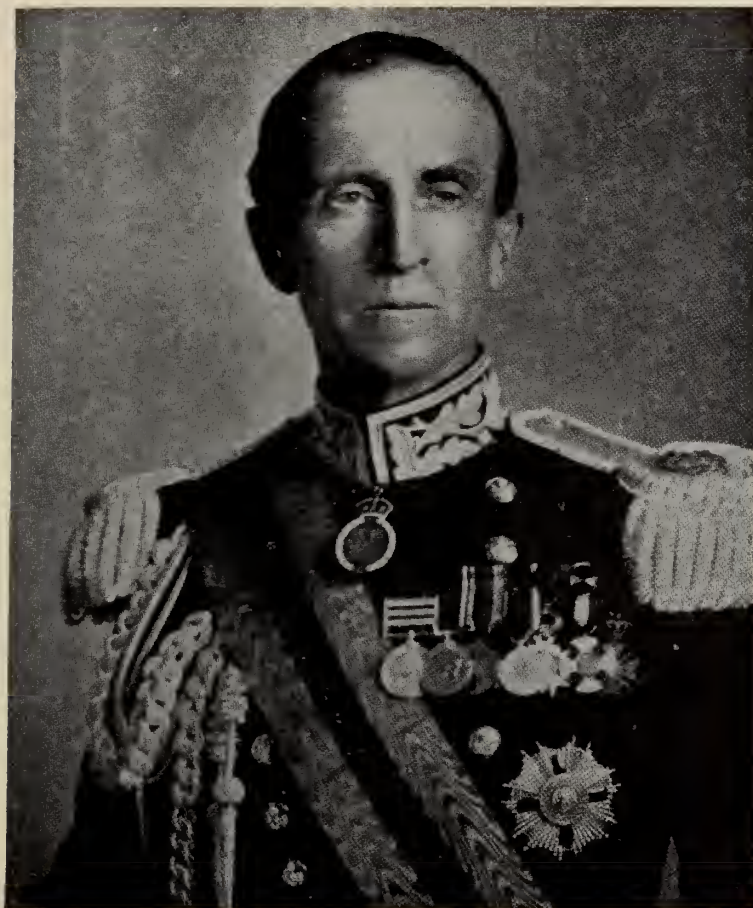
PRESENTS

The Spectrum



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In perfect honour, perfect truth,
And gentleness to all mankind,
You trod the golden paths of youth,
Then left the world and youth behind.
Ah, no! 'Tis we who fade and fail—
And you, from Time's slow torments free
Shall pass from strength to strength,
and scale
The steeps of immortality.

—JOHN BUCHAN.

DEDICATION

We respectfully dedicate this number of our
Year Book to the beloved memory of Baron
Tweedsmuir of Eldsfield, Governor-General
of Canada, 1935 - 1940.



London Normal School

» EDITORIAL «

Editorial Staff

Consulting Editor	-	-	-	Dr. G. W. Hofferd
Editor	-	-	-	Jean Healy
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Humour Editor	-	-	-	Marion Follick
Assistants	-	-	-	Margaret Black, Abigail Lees Grace Turnbull, Jean Dawson
Photography	-	-	-	Howard Lossing

IN our year at Normal, we have undergone a complete metamorphosis. Last September, fresh from Collegiate or other realms of experience, where the foundation of our education was laid, we arrived at Normal School, one hundred and sixty varieties of embryo, filled with a consuming desire to develop into school teachers.

Gradually, we reached the larva stage. After we had taught our first lesson, how insignificant we felt! and how many times did we have the urge to crawl out into the garden and indulge in cabbage leaves! But we managed to suppress these emotional drives and by a continued reconstruction of past experiences, we attained the next

stage, the pupa. (We might pun on that word but such form of wit is unbecoming!) They did give us pupils from the start! . . . Many of us were in a dormant state for a while during the year but . . . how rudely awakened we were by an avalanche of tests and assignments just before Easter!! But these were purposely to try our wings; to see if we were sufficiently enough developed to be promoted to the adult stage whence we would step into one of the greatest professions of our society.

As an entomologist would record such activities of the Class Insecta, the Year Book Committee has tried to assemble a record of our Normal School activities.

Each student has had his own responsibility toward it; the Literary and Photography Departments would have been negative without the individual support of the students.

The Year Book Committee is indeed grateful to the members of the Staff, who have acted as counsellors and critics so willingly; their broader knowledge was greatly appreciated. The Committee worked with a minimum of friction and that is a desirable achievement.

In presenting the 1940 SPECTRUM, our greatest hope is that it will be an aid in recalling the memories of the happy days, the friendships and fun we enjoyed together as students at the London Normal School.

Work is the key to Success. May we never lose it!

JEAN HEALY,
Editor.

TRUTH

TWO thousand years ago an armourer tempered his newly wrought Damascus blade by thrusting its white-hot steel through the thighs of a slave bound to the sacrificial altar. Doubtless the sentimentalists of the day clamoured against the procedure and bewailed its cruelty. Nevertheless, the art continued to be taught and practised until such time as the discovery of metallurgical truth brought about the substitution of sea water or other chemical solutions for the saline bath contained in the veins of the victims.

Since the Normal School Year Book of 1939 was printed this country finds itself at war. No one—not even a Hitler—desires war. Its manglements and destructions excite universal horror. Nevertheless, the practice and perforce the teachings which underlie the practice persist.

It is within the range of probability that the historian of the 30th century may place blame for the prolonged continuance of war not on munition-makers, not even on politicians, but on educationists because of their failure to inspire a search for truth — “truth that shall make you free” — those truths of human relationships which alone can liberate from the tyrannies of barbarism even as the truths of physical science have liberated from the thralldom of material forces.

The New Course was designed primarily to emancipate the teacher. Increased freedom, however, implies increased responsibility. Slothful acquiescence may easily fasten on the left ankle the chain which has been stricken from the right. Be vigilant! And above all things train your pupils to value and to search for truth. The Bolsheviks teach beliefs; the Nazis, attitudes. Both blindfold their peoples from reality. Only a democracy thrives in and welcomes light. In these perilous times the very existence of democracy may depend upon your effort.

H. G. Wells has said that civilization is a race between catastrophe and education. We, the teachers of an older generation at the finish of our relay in that race, hand on to you, the graduates of 1940, the torch we feel we have but poorly cherished. May it flare far and flame brightly in your hands.

HARRY AMOSS,
Director of Professional Training.

PRACTICE TEACHING

THE lecture room gives us theory, the class room gives us practice! This year, more than ever before, practice teaching comes to the fore because we, of the London Normal School 1939-40, have been privileged to have more of it than our predecessors. We have been given the opportunity of continuous periods of teaching four times during the year. Two of these weeks have been spent in rural communities and the other two in urban schools.

Starting projects or pursuing them, introduction to the intricacies of the register, computation of the Penny Bank and problems of seatwork have all been a part of our experience. Disciplinary problems, mentally deficient children and children of superior intellect have all been under our jurisdiction and we have had to cope with them as well. Blunders have probably been numerous but there is a happier side to this situation. We have had the opportunity to contact these problems in time to receive advice and constructive assistance from our capable staff and critic teachers. Their help, suggestions, and encouragement have been invaluable, and when September rolls around we will be even more grateful for their efforts in making our adjustment as painless as possible.

Then, we must not ignore the very real pleasure we found in associating with the teachers in

these schools. One and all will agree that the adventures of these weeks will rank high on our shelf of Normal School memories.

Now, our thoughts turn back to those memorable Friday afternoons, when, with fear and trembling, we went to see what dread assignment lay in store for us. Once more we see ourselves sallying forth at the end of the observation lesson filled with a burning desire to "teach like that"!

As you read this, baby birds will be stretching their wings outside your window, with the mother bird chirping about, encouraging, advising, and criticizing their efforts. When she is convinced that her little ones can manage alone, she flies away leaving them to their own resources. This is the principle behind our practice teaching, and it is our earnest wish that we may not fail in the trust that has been placed in our hands and that the star to which we hitch our wagon will always be "honour lessons."

We trust that the members of the Normal School Staff and the Staff of Critic Teachers will accept our gratitude for the advice and guidance they have so kindly bestowed upon us during the past year and as we fly away from the nest, we shall feel all the more confident for having spent this year under their wings.

HELEN CRUICKSHANK.



OUR MASTERS

C. E. Mark, B.A., D.Paed.

You asked me for twenty-five words. Here they are: Be strong, courageous, ambitious, industrious, studious, firm, fair, tactful, true, honest, conscientious, patient, open-minded, cheerful, kind, tolerant, courteous, loyal, friendly, approachable, encouraging, enthusiastic, interested, interesting, and natural.

G. W. Hofferd, M.A., D.Paed.

*"You shall live in the lives you have moulded
And led with the courage of ten.
The Great Master Workman be with you!
I hail you, ye makers of men!"*

T. E. Clarke, B.A., B.Paed.

May you grow rich in wisdom, may you enjoy the pleasant rhythm of life's work and may you experience in large measure the realization of your ideals.

J. G. McEachern, B.A., B.Paed.

*"We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."—WORDSWORTH.*

E. H. McKone, B.A., B.Paed.

Capacity for making friends is the most important factor in the attainment of success in any field. But of all the friendships that may be made, none contribute more to happiness than the friendships with the birds and the flowers, the trees and the stars and all the rest of Nature's children.



OUR INSTRUCTORS

Isobel E. Davidson

"He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any."—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Doris E. Rider, B.A.

"Mens sano in corpore sano" is the aim of education.

"These things shall be a loftier race

Than e'er the world hath known shall rise."

Dorothy Emery, A.O.C.A.

Art interprets Nature—not imitates!

A. F. Hagerman

"The teacher who gives the child a great fund of useful experiences through every avenue of sense perception is giving him the best sort of preparation for his future thinking operations and especially for his future appreciation of Literature, History and Geography."

C. E. Wheeler, F.C.C.O.

"Music is God's best gift to man, the only art of heaven given to earth, the only art of earth that we take to heaven. But music, like all other gifts, is given us in the germ. It is for us to unfold and develop it by instruction and cultivation."—CHARLES W. LONDON.

Louise Gahan

"The great consulting-room of a wise man is a library."—GEORGE DAWSON.

Winifred R. Prendergast

"When the great Scorer comes

To mark against your name;

He writes not that you won or lost

But HOW you played the game."

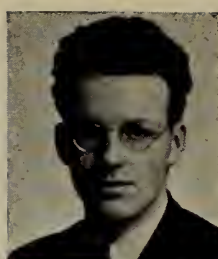




ROSS
ALLEN
Kingsville



REGINALD
FAIRS
616 Princess St.
Woodstock



EDWARD
HAMMOND
Lucan



CLAYBERT
BANGHART
789 Quebec St.
London



WILFRED
FORBES
Blenheim



ALBERT
HARDING
385 Hamilton Rd.
London



✓
ALFRED
BERST
683 Henry St.
Woodstock



✓
MILTON
FRANCIS
215 Josephine Av.
Windsor



✓
WALTER
HARPUR
3 Barrington St.
London



RONALD
BRAND
Alvinston



JACK
FUHRMAN
721 Nelson St.
London



✓
ROBERT
JONES
Fingal



LESLIE
COHN
Drumbo



GEORGE
GARTON
Aylmer



HOWARD
LOSSING
Norwich



NORMAN
CURRY
Norwich



HAROLD
GARTON
Aylmer



JOHN
McGUGAN
Muirkirk



LESLIE
FAIRBAIRN
Essex



DAVID
HALL
Ridgetown, R. 1



✓
CURTIS
MERRILL
152 Centre St.
St. Thomas



✓
JAMES
MITCHELL
220 Brock St.
Sandwich



HELEN
ALLISON
South Woodslee
R. 2



JEAN
BENNETTO
284 Dundas St.
Woodstock



✓
GORDON
QUINN
559 Rosedale Av.
London



PATRICIA
ANNET
Alvinston



HAZEL
BICUM
Mull



GEORGE
ROSS
Parkhill



DOROTHY
BALLANTINE
Mt. Brydges, R. 3



✓
MARGARET
BLACK
Union, R. 1



✓
HARVEY
SHAW
Blenheim



HELEN
BALLS
Petrolia



KATHLEEN
BONDY
River Canard



JAMES
SKILLINGS
Drumbo, R. 1



LEILA
BARNES
Watford, R. 1



✓
RUBY
BOSWORTH
1556 Hall Ave.
Windsor



MALCOLM
SMITH, B.A.
918 Princess Av.
London



✓
MARGARET
BEACH
Springfield



✓
LAVERNA
BOUGHNER
Springfield



✓
MARJORIE
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184 Ross Ave.
Sarnia



ELBERTHA
BEATON
235 Oak Ave.
Windsor



ALMA
BOWLBY
Imperial, Sask.



✓
SHIRLEY
BRETT
Vanessa



✓
MARY
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Iona Station, R. 1



JEAN
DAWSON
2223 Lillian St.
Windsor



KATHRYN
BROADWOOD
Blenheim, R. 1



PHYLLIS
CAPPER
Dutton



MARY
DE MAREE
Blenheim, R. 2



MARIAN
BROCK
79 Smith St.
London



MARION
CAREY
Muirkirk, R. 1



✓
ELIZABETH
DODGE
Strathroy



✓
MARION
BROWN
Box 24
Wheatley



DORIS
CARROLL
172 William St.
London



HELENE
DUCK
Morpeth



MAE
BURCHELL
Glencoe



BIRDIE
CAVERLY
Aylmer



VERNA
ELGIE
24 Kendall St.
Chatham



✓
EVELYN
CAMPBELL
Komoka, R. 1



AGNES
CHALK
Aylmer



✓
CHARLOTTE
FARRIS
Glencoe, R. 1



GRACE
CAMPBELL
Wardsville, R. 1



HELEN
CRUICKSHANK
258 Wellington St.
Sarnia



HATTIE
FENTON
Muirkirk



MARY
MARGARET
FINN
Francis St.
London



MYRTLE
FLEMING
Embroid. R. 4



AGNES
FLETCHER
Ilderton, R. 1



EVELYN
FLETCHER
Kerrwood, R. 3



✓
MARION
FOLICK
St. Marys



NILE
FOSTER
Parkhill



✓
BETTY
FROSDICK
Merlin



JEAN
FYDELL
Kerrwood



MYRTLE
GAISER
Dashwood



HELEN
GARNER
Embroid. R. 4



CLARA
GILLIER
Northwood, R. 2



HAZEL
GILLOTT
Aylmer



CATHERINE
GRAHAM
Blenheim



MARJORIE
HAINSWORTH
1585 Pelissier St.
Windsor



EUTA
HAGGINS
Ruthven, R. 2



MARGARET
HALLER
609 St. Joseph St.
Windsor



✓
SHEILA
HARRIS
Pele Island



✓
JEAN
HEALY
Box 171
Ingersoll



MARJORIE
HICKSON
Wheatley, R. 3



✓
JEAN
HILL
Petroliia



MARTHA
HILLIS
256 Talbot St.
London



ALICE
HODGINS
Clandeboyne



MARY
HOLLAND
West Lorne



✓
FRANCES
HOTHAM
Lambeth, R. 2



JEAN
HOUGHTON
199 Wharncliffe
Road
London



✓
JOYCE
HOUSTON
Alvinston, R. 2



✓
GEORGINA
JACKMAN
Thamesville, R. 5



✓
ELLEN
JAMIESON
Wallaceburg, R. 5



MARION
JOHNS
Ingersoll



RUTH
JOHNSON
Ridgetown, R. 3



✓
LOUISE
KERSEY
Watford



EDITH
KING
Merlin, R. 5



✓
GLADYS
KING
Strathroy



ILENE
KING
Woodstock, R. 6



FLORENCE
KIRK
Woodham



✓
ESTHER
LAIDLAW
Aylmer, R. 1



ABIGAIL
LEES
369 Esdras Place
Riverside



MARY
MacVICAR
Belmont, R. 1



MRS. CLARISSA
MANORE
Grand Bend



ALICE
McCAFFERY
Glencoe



JEAN
McCAUSLAND
45 Alma St.
London



✓
ZELMA
McGUGAN
89 Wharncliffe Rd.
London



MARY
McKILLOP
Wallacetown



MINNIE
McLEAN
Melbourne, R. 1



VERNA
McPHERSON
Glanworth, R. 1



✓
DORIS
MERCER
830 Colborne St.
London



WILMA
MILLIKEN, B.A.
Sarnia, R. 2



LAURENA
MITCHELL
Watford



MARION
MOORE
Dutton



RUBY
NOBLE
Leamington



DOROTHY
NORMAN
Tillsonburg



DORIS
NOTTINGHAM
Ridgetown



JOY
ODELL
Petrolia



✓
MARIAN
O'DONNELL
1668 Pelissier St.
Windsor



RUTH
PALMER
Norwich, R. 3



MARY
PARDEY
46 Alexandria Av.
St. Thomas



✓
EILEEN
PARRISH
Turnerville, R. 2



✓
EDNA
PATTERSON
Longwood



MARGARET
REID
1270 Bruce Ave.
Windsor



NANCY
ROBB
Dutton



✓
EILEEN
ROEMMELE
Appin



✓
MARGARET
ROGERS
Kingsville, R. 2



✓
JESSIE
ROSSER
78 E. Pearl St.
St. Thomas



✓
AUDREY
RUSSELL
St. Marys



JOYCE
STAUFFER
75 Cathcart St.
London



GRACE
TURNBULL
222 Stuart St.
Sarnia



MRS. LAWSON
(nee Marion
Saxon)
St. Thomas



✓
MARJORIE
STEVENSON
London, R. 6



MAE
TYHURST
400 Horton St.
London



ELSIE
SCHOOLEY
1064 Louis Ave.
Windsor



HAZEL
TAYLOR
72 Norfolk Ave.
Galt



BERNICE
UPFOLD
Tillsonburg



JEAN
SCOTT
12 Chalmers St.
London



MARY
TAYLOR
210 Wellington
St. Thomas



✓
HAZEL
WALKER
Merlin, R. 2



JEAN
SINCLAIR
Tillsonburg



PHYLLIS
TERNAN
Leamington



JEAN
WALLACE
267 Hale St.
London



✓
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SMALL
St. Thomas, R. 2



MARION
THOMAS
487 Dorinda St.
London



HELEN
WALPER
Parkhill, R. 3



GERTRUDE
SMALL
Dutton



RUTH
TUNSTALL
Highgate



✓
ELAINE
WARD
313 Brock St.
Sarnia



CATHERINE
WATSON
Box 606
Strathroy



RHETA
WILCOX
Northwood, R. 2



PHYLLIS
WYETH
1254 Lincoln Blvd.
Windsor



✓
MARJORIE
WHITE
Ridgetown



✓
AGNES
WILKINSON
Courtland



HELEN
YORKE
Forest, R. 4



RUTH
WHITE
118 Adelaide St.
London



✓
RUTH
WILLIAMS
Wallaceburg



✓
OLIVE
YOUNG
134 Ursuline Av.
Chatham

✓
SISTER
ELAINE
London

✓
SISTER
MARIAM
London

SISTER
BENEDICTA
London

SISTER
GRACE
205 Major Ave.
Arrochar
Staten Island, N.Y.

SISTER
IRMA
205 Major Ave.
Arrochar
Staten Island, N.Y.

Words by
"AL" BUCHANAN-RY WING
(1932)

LONDON NORMAL SCHOOL

-SONG-

MUSIC ADAPTED FROM
ALUMNI MARCH BY WELLESLEY

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a time signature of 8/8. The piano part consists of a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, often using chords. The voice part is a single line with lyrics. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *ff* (fortissimo). The lyrics are: "Lon — don Normal School, We fight for good — old — crimson-gold And when we meet our foes we vanquish them, For we fight with all the stratagem of London Normal. Rah (Rah) Rah (Rah) Hear us cheer! We're with you and we — say — That we'll fight for you, We'll see you thro', We'll fight for you — al — way!"

Lon — don Normal School, We fight for good — old —
crimson-gold And when we meet our foes we vanquish them, For we fight with
all the stratagem of London Normal. Rah (Rah) Rah (Rah) Hear us cheer! We're
with you and we — say — That we'll fight for you, We'll
see you thro', We'll fight for you — al — way!

Dedicated to "1931-32" class-

The Passing of Lord Tweedsmuir

LORD TWEEDSMUIR is dead. With characteristic Scottish courage, Lord Tweedsmuir fought a brave but losing battle with the grimmest of forces, even death. In hushed solemnity, Canada mourns his passing.

Born a humble son of the manse in rugged Scotland, John Buchan had risen by his own personal industry to the envied position of the King's representative and to the distinguished title His Excellency the Right Honourable Baron Tweedsmuir, Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of Canada.

During his five short years of service in Canada, Lord Tweedsmuir had endeared himself to the hearts of all loyal Canadian citizens. Not only had he proven himself to be a capable administrator and a worthy representative of our King, but he had shown himself to be a man of wide interests and of a deep, human understanding. His amiable character, revealed in so many friendly actions and words during his various tours of this Dominion, had won the esteem of all who had met him. Undoubtedly, the gap that has been left by the Governor-General's passing will be a difficult one to fill.

Perhaps John Buchan has touched upon the lives of even the humblest of us, through the medium of his pen. His fine novels, "Greenmantle," "The Thirty-nine Steps," and "Mr. Standfast," several of which have been filmed, have been read and enjoyed by thousands of Canadians. Not only was John Buchan a novelist, but he was also a biographer. And many of the more intellectual type revel in Buchan's delightful portrayal of Walter Raleigh, Cromwell, and Augustus. Buchan was a versatile writer and his works are the product of a master mind, a veritable monument to a great man!

Lord Tweedsmuir will not be remembered for his spectacular feats (for, indeed, he had no room for such things in his life) but for his constant perseverance and the quiet industry and diligence of character which made his life such a living force.

Lord Tweedsmuir is dead. But with those of our generation, who have felt the force of his personality, the memory of a great figure will linger for a long time; and with our progeny, too, who will come to know and respect him through his legacy to literature, the memory of a great writer will linger for years to come.

WILMA M. MILLIKEN.

In Training

SOME of us *wanted* to come to Normal—the normal thing to do; consequently, we volunteered our services to our country 'til death or marriage should intervene; the rest of us were conscripted and sent to be interned for the duration of the year.

Between cheers and sobs, we marched to the station and detained "somewhere in London." After manoeuvring about the city seeking places to entrench ourselves for the coming campaign, we went to headquarters to meet our commanders.

Before we could pass the Board of Admission to the camp, we were examined by a Medical Officer. Most of us passed and the remaining few were admitted to a concentration camp for a harder life.

"All was quiet on the Normal Front" for several weeks. Then one day, we were informed from headquarters that we were to change our position. Plans to sally from the main camp and make reconnaissance flights to new territory were drawn up. There our new commanders—critic teachers—were located. We were to observe their tactics carefully, that we might follow them the next week.

Every Friday, we move to a new field. We enter it, speaking in quiet tones lest we be overheard. Our battlefield for the next week is sited. Some time before the following Wednesday, we retire behind the main lines of school life to make our plans for the next offensive. Each night at midnight or shortly after, action ceases—there is a blackout in the room (a pass from the landlady is necessary to gain entrance thereafter).

By Wednesday the plans are drawn up—nothing must go wrong—we must win! At noon we drink an extra cup of tea, since no stronger rations are distributed. Well armed with material, both illustrative and concrete, we make a drive on the school where we are to courageously encounter a struggle. The zero hour approaches—a nervous tension holds us—the alarm is rung! At this signal, the pupils make a rush into the school and quickly form in their ranks. "This afternoon, Miss Blank is in charge—take over the controls, Miss Blank."

The pupils watch warily for the first move. We are cautious as a mass attack might be expected from the class; we dig in for their advance. All is quiet, running on wheels until—a wrong command is given—we must go on—it's do or die! The pupils burst into an explosion—of laughter. Now we are on the defensive side and forced to retreat to our supply of resourcefulness. Ground is gained, however, by riddling the pupils with a rapid machine-gun fire of questions which repulses them. Retaliation is not made and they are bombarded again for information. This blitzkrieg

[Continued on page 25]

What Are We Worth?

WE Normalites are sometimes tempted to feel, quite incorrectly of course, that we are not quite so important as some other students in the City of London.

When one says, "I'm going to Normal this year," one frequently receives the reply, "Oh, another school marm!" in a tone which sounds as if it were accompanied by an internal shudder. Perhaps it is because the memory of a stern figure with a frigid voice demanding, "What are you doing back there, Johnny Jones?" remains with everyone most of his life, that the Londoners are unwilling to give a lofty position to the greatest profession in the world.

"The London Free Press" which prints, daily, news of the university, even if it is only that the men are growing beards during examinations, deigns but seldom to print news of the Normalites whose news-making potentialities are repressed by the worthy masters.

But our true worth has been recognized by one corporation—the London Street Railway Company. In spite of all the nurses and doctors studying at Victoria Hospital, there is no "Hospital Bus," and even our illustrious university has given its name to only one bus, but we have two—Normal and Normal South.

And do the Normalites appreciate this! Just watch them swarming on the buses about three o'clock some Friday afternoon! You can't miss them—watch for the unmistakable black book, and the air of hilarity decorously restrained in accordance with all the best principles of etiquette. Or, perchance, they have been visiting a factory and each carries his breakfast in a neat green package tucked under his arm.

The personnel changes from year to year, but the bus still flaunts our banner on high, proclaiming to the unbelieving citizens of London that we are—Normal.

MARY CAMPBELL.

Heard on the Bus

LOUISE: What was your lesson like, Anne?

ANNE: Oh, not too bad. Miss Smithson said it was a "nice" lesson, whatever that means, but that I might have distributed my questions better.

JOAN: Well, that isn't the worst mistake one could make. Hear me and weep. Do you remember all the trouble I took in trying to find illustrative material on "Social Life in Greenland?"

TESS: Do we remember? There was a good deal of our time and energy involved, too. . . . You used the pictures too soon, or too late, I suppose?

JOAN: Worse than that. I had concluded my lesson with an inward sigh of satisfaction, feeling that all had run smoothly—with ne'er a Master to disturb the waters of contentment.

But my contentment was rudely disturbed when Miss Richardson, in her criticism, sweetly asked, "Don't you think you might have used some illustrative material in your lesson?" . . . Believe it or no, I had entirely forgotten to show a single picture!

DENISE: Which was pedagogically unsound, of course. . . .

LOUISE: Cheer up, Joan! You probably received credit for having made the children exercise their imagination.

JOAN: Joking about another's plight, are you? But you'll not find me forgetting the next time, if I'll have to set an alarm clock to remind me!

JACK: Bravo, Joan! You might also try having a pupil in the rear of the classroom hold up your material during the lesson—to keep you reminded, and to keep him actively engaged.

DENISE: I'm sure the Masters would commend such a display of resourcefulness. What's that you have wrapped in newspaper, Jack?

JACK: A log.

DENISE: Answer in a complete statement and so that all can hear you.

JACK: I—have—a—log.

TESS: Surely you didn't teach your lesson sitting on that log!

JACK: I did not teach my lesson sitting on that log. Since I had to teach, "Telling the ages of trees," I figured I'd show the class the real thing—"Reality, reasoning and research," you know. . . . At the same time, I saved doing some black-board sketching.

DENISE: How clever!

JACK: Thank you, Miss "Teacher-to-be!" Encouraging good work is fine classroom management. . . . Let's hear from you, Bill.

BILL: Here goes! Scene: Kindergarten class; Hero: "Yours truly"; Audience: Four and twenty "Chickadees" looking straight at me. You needn't snicker, Jack. They were looking at me and listening attentively too, while I depicted the adventures of "Johnnie Woodpecker," remembering to do so in a clear, pleasant, non-nasal voice.

JACK: What about the "rumbling" quality?

BILL: . . . I paused for effect at a dramatic part, when a little fellow's hand shot up with, "My bwudder has a neck tie like yours."

JACK: Observation, expression and reaction on the part of the pupil. . . .

DALE: As for me, Miss Allison suggested ever so tactfully, that phrases and words such as "analogous colors," "constructing an interior," "speak distinctly" and "optional" were somewhat above the language level of Grade One.

BILL: You must have been sitting on a rainbow of analogous colors when you used those terms, I'll warrant.

DALE: What's your new lesson, Gladys?

GLADYS: One on adverbial clauses. I'll have to look up some "spotting exercises."

LOUISE: There's a good book in the library which you might try to "spot." It was a great help to me last week.

BETTY: Well, "Teachers-to-be," you've exhausted all devices to keep me interested any longer. Here's my corner. Good-bye until tonight, when we'll be gaining some new socializing experiences in the basketball game. Let's remember to be resourceful, driving ahead with a set plan so as to attain the aims set forth.

BILL: Aye, aye, Sir—that is, yes indeed! And we'll have to remember our "number combinations" so as to keep record of our score. . . .

SISTER GRACE.

Spring

IT was the twenty-first day of March! Huge, fleecy clouds chased one another across the turquoise sky, against which the crimson buds of the maples contrasted vividly. A sudden little wind swayed the branches of the gnarled old apple tree, and the robin perched on the topmost bough sang a melody of summer days filled with pink and white apple blossoms, and of later harvest days, and branches hanging with rosy apples.

Deep in the woods, the small denizens of the forest scurried about for food, keeping a wary eye for any possible dangers. They, too, felt the call of spring. In the meadow beside the woods, half a dozen woolly lambs gambolled madly about, to the exasperation of their more sedate mothers.

In "the little red schoolhouse on the hill," restless little eyes wandered from their books to the open window, and to the awakening world beyond, longing to be anywhere but in the school-room, and dreaming of joyous jaunts in quest of wild flowers. The instant they were dismissed for recess, they dashed outside, the little girls to their skipping ropes, the boys to marbles.

The teacher paused for a moment to glance out at the children; she, too, felt the new spirit.

Spring had come!

NANCY ROBB.

Monologue on "The Register"

OH, dear, another assignment! Isn't this Normal life just one thing after another? Hm! this looks different at least. Oh, I see, one of those simple ones to rush through in a maximum of ten minutes. Just mark the register for a month—that's the whole assignment. I will do it tonight.

"Twenty-five names, in grades, arrange alphabetically; simple! There, all done! Oh, Willie Orme didn't come until six days after the first of the month. Now I'll have to recopy it. (Pause for recopying.) Now, I see that those shoeless Russells were away until the fourth, too. (Pause for erasing and recopying.) Maybe Mr. McKone was wise in suggesting pencil for the first try—or six. Right at last! That was only half an hour for the first step—oh, well, we have that only once for next year anyway!

"Attendance—Isaac Jones—grandmother's funeral. Hm—lawful? Surely that time-worn alibi is law by now, at least for school children who don't know any better. Martha Middaugh, why aren't they all like that? Russells—oh, those shoes again—how would they expect them to come, barefoot? Lawful, of course. Van Dyke, parental neglect—he couldn't help it—this is the child's record. Lawful—for him. This poor child who died! He certainly was absent for the rest of the month. Poor boy! Lawful absence. Olds, Ben.—witness in court. Now that depends on what he

was witnessing. No, I'll count that unlawful. If he had really been inside the law he wouldn't have been in court. Done at last! A good night's work finished; but I don't mind work when I feel it is well done when I'm through. What could there possibly be about that to ask Mr. McKone? Surely he credits us with some sense."

RUTH WILLIAMS.

Long May They Live!

THE night was warm. The moon was golden bright. Down by the schoolhouse strolled two gay lovers chatting and planning a new course of life when they should be no longer two but one.

Said Miss History, "I think the Fates indeed were kind to us. With your wide knowledge of land and sea and my data on facts and past events, we two should live in useful and happy wedlock."

"No one is more convinced of that fact than I," murmured her young admirer, Mr. Geography. "We should become famous from zone to zone. The Prevailing Westerlies shall whisper your charm to the high mountains and even the seas shall know you."

As a happy epilogue to this romance the two young lovers were wedded one sunny summer's day. As at all such occasions, there gathered friends of bride and groom—some to wish them well and some to criticize the match.

Professor Science took a foremost seat. Over his dark-rimmed spectacles he viewed the proceedings nor could he quite decide to favour or disapprove the union of his two young friends. Never in his young days would such a helper have been approved by high authorities. But a trial and error method would surely prove the result.

In a far corner near the window sat two prim old spinsters wielding their fans in obvious disapproval. Miss Grammar could see no logical plan by which two such diverse personalities could live successfully under one name. Nor could Miss Mathematics predict anything but disaster for the unfortunate couple.

Solemn and still were all present as the vow was pronounced. Not a tongue spoke; not a muscle moved. Master Music played triumphantly as the couple withdrew for well he knew that he too was to share a greater part in the new life of the community. Pretty Miss Art and Mr. Manual Training, hand in hand, cast confetti on their newly married friends.

The Fates indeed were kind to the youthful pair. Over their door when the honeymoon was over, they found this inscription, presented by their many friends:

"The Home of Social Studies,
Long May They Live!"

MARION MOORE.

And the Show Goes On

MOST people know little about the teaching profession. They imagine it to be a strenuous ordeal, physically and emotionally; standing on or off a dias for long intervals is nerve-knotting. They are unaware of the real hardships, of the real accomplishments and of the equally real adventures which offset these. It matters little whether one teaches the younglings or the older children, the experiences are the same.

It may be argued, however, that teaching the former is more interesting than teaching the latter. This is probably true, but it does not alter the nature of the work—teaching is teaching. The technique remains the same no matter how the stage is set. The trials are the same and the triumphs are the same. The hours and the duties are identical. So, too, are the joys and disappointments.

A teacher's days are long ones and her week has five of them in it. She has Sundays and the legal holidays and her summer vacation. Otherwise she is on the dias. She assumes her stand at a moment in the morning when the mothers are still deciding what clothes the youngsters are to wear. For half an hour before they arrive, she prepares the blackboards, arranges her books and takes commands from a principal who happens to feel like issuing orders. Then the bell goes, the doors open, and those little people who have been waiting outside come trooping through the halls. The stage is set and the show goes on. . . .

"Miss, mother said for you to read this note."

"Miss, I can't undo the buttons on my coat."

"Miss, my pencil has no point."

"Miss, I can't reach the peg."

"Miss, will we have a story today?"

It is Miss, Miss, Miss until it becomes a refrain, but not an unpleasant one. There is something appealing about it—something that would play on the heartstrings of any Miss. Besides, patience is a virtue of special value to the teacher. Endurance is another. . . .

The signal is given and the work begins in earnest. A sort of rhythm is set up, a kind of steady hum of combined effort and conversation is heard. And lol the thermometer of learning rises and falls, jolts and quivers, registering constants, doubtfuls, variables and plausibles as the case may be.

There is even time to draw a breath between scenes, to interchange ideas with co-workers, to exchange notes, to chat. . . .

Day after day speeds by. The curtain goes up with the bell every morning and comes down with the bell at night. In between, there have been whole years of struggle, wonder triumphs—years of enhancing other lives, years of tireless zest in the endeavour of pouring knowledge into the receptive and unreceptive vacancies. The Number One seat does not make for honour but it makes for understanding and wisdom and a

certain enviable PEACE. It is rough reality, venture laden reality, but it is reality.

And the show goes on. . . .

SISTER IRMA.

Not Forgotten

SHE glared at me with hate-filled eyes. I had wronged her, treated her cruelly. What a brute I was! Those eyes which had once given me such glances of devotion as only she, my beautiful one, could show, now turned angrily away.

Our friendship which I had valued so dearly was gone forever. Never again could I place my hands on her head and caress it as I had so often done in the past. For days I went about my new work sadly with head bent. It grieved me more than I thought possible, to part from my dearest friend, that friend who had been so much to me.

But time, the great healer of all wounds, came to my aid. As the weeks passed and I saw less of my Marie I did not miss her quite so much. My heart was cheered considerably by my changing fortune. If the thought of our quarrel now came into my mind it was dismissed casually. Once as I caught sight of her passing by, gaily caparisoned and accompanied by her new escort, my memory was dragged back to the past, and I again felt dejected. However, I was raised from my despondent mood with the hope that one day all might be forgiven and I would be restored in her favour.

But I had made my plans without consulting Marie. We met the next evening at dusk beside the lake where our camp had been pitched. Now was my chance to plead for her friendship. Hopefully, I turned toward her. The next minute, as I was swinging through the air with the dark blue water of the lake beneath me, and her trunk about my waist, I remembered, too late, the old saying, "An elephant never forgets."

BETTY FROSDICK.

The Puddle

THERE once was a puddle at the side of the road. The poor puddle felt very sad. It said, "I am such a stupid, dirty thing! What use am I?"

Immediately, a thirsty robin flew by. He spied the puddle and exclaimed, "How lucky I am to find this lovely puddle!" Swooping down, he sipped a long drink. Now, he could sing his merry notes.

Just then, a man plodded by. He was very sad and mournful. He turned towards the robin who was singing his happy melody. Gradually, the robin's beautiful song drove all his sadness away and, with it, went the sadness from the heart of the puddle.

ABIGAIL LEES.

The Garden of My Heart

WE are all familiar with the beautiful ballad "In the Garden of My Heart," written by Caro Roma. The words of that song have brought us peace, love and hope. Now, instead of a sweet, mythical garden, I bring you a picture of my own garden of last summer—a long, heart-shaped plot surrounded by a driveway.

It was a place of peace and sweet content, ever abounding in gracious memories, alive with hope and promise—the tall larkspur that seemed smiling through the faint blue atmosphere of the summer sky; the gorgeous poppies, whose glowing colours warmed the hearts of those who walked and talked there; the delicate shades of phlox, where myriads of little fairies seemed to abide; and still holding its first coy sweetness for me—the fair-faced lily, the self-same flower the angels carry.

Youth—elemental, bold and inspiring—was in my garden. Little chickens trod the paths between gay African daisies which seemed to dance in the morning sun; pinks sweet as fairy breath; bright, golden marigolds, strong and glorious, among whose swaying stalks flitted the wee humming birds; and then rows of joyous asters; gladioli, that made a rainbow of stately queens in themselves; Sweet Williams, zinnias, dahlias, and fragrant sweet peas, all of which flourished and grew in such abundance one could fairly hear them plea to be gathered in clusters of sweetness to cheer the bedside of the sick.

Did you ever in fancy feel the soft touch of baby fingers when pressing the sweet pansies to your cheeks? I always do, and in their blossoms I seem to see little baby faces, there seems such a depth of innocent expression in their soft petals.

Venerable age was there in my garden. Trees that have endured through a century—brooding, sure—stand guard, and in the stillness of evening murmur a benediction. Up and down those smooth paths echoed well-loved footsteps. Memories made a shrine of my garden, which at times seemed strange and mysterious, with all sorts of tiny seeds sleeping and then awakening into life of flowers and fruit.

We live again in those beautiful lines of Caro Roma's lyric:

*"We never miss the singing until the birds
have flown;*

*We never miss the blossoms until the
spring has gone;*

*We never miss our joyousness till sorrow
bid us wake;*

*We never know we have a heart till it
begins to break."*

Friends may come and go, yet nothing of beauty is ever lost. In the beauty of the garden we find joy; in its steadfastness, courage; in its purpose, faith in the Resurrection. In the quiet of the evening shadows, when the day is done, the flowers seem slumbering; the song birds are

sleeping, each and all having brought their beauty to the day. Then comes peace, for eternal life is in my garden, in yours, in our hearts.

CHARLOTTE FARRIS.

A Bit of Nature

THERE is a nook in a wood, far from unsympathetic eyes, which is especially lovely on an early spring morning. Everything is fragrant and shining. It radiates an atmosphere of "life," fresh and unmarred. A slender stream winds in a small ox-bow among giant maples, isolating a circular area of grass. The leafy arms of the stately old trees meet to form a natural canopy through which the sunlight filters to cast strange patterns of light and dark on the velvety grass below. A few glistening drops of dew gleam on the buds of the hepaticas which nestle among the mossy roots of the maples.

Nature's children begin the day with the first rays of the sun. A sleek, black squirrel leaps gracefully from tree to tree. The robin runs along the grass; he stops; he cocks his head and listens. His head bobs down, then up, and he flies away to his little brood with a precious morsel in his beak. Another robin perches on the top-most branch singing his cheeriest song.

At intervals these melodious notes are interrupted by the rude cawing of a glossy crow which flies high in the sunlight.

The water of the stream washes quietly over the smoothed stones. By the edge, a frog suns himself on a waxy lily-pad. As a trout darts to the surface, concentric ripples expand until they reach the banks.

This charming bit of nature reflects peace and contentment. May it always remain unmolested.

MARY MacVICAR.

IN TRAINING---Continued from page 21

succeeds. Stealthily, we manoeuvre around the room, completely disintegrating the ranks of the pupils. But upon turning our backs, the drone in the air is plain to us as the hum of conversation increases; they are advancing beyond our control! Desperately, an SOS flashes to our aid as the clock signals for us to cease fire (the real fireworks begin when the critic teacher tells us why we lost the battle).

We are given a one-day leave of absence and asked to deliver valuable sealed information to the chief commander.

These minor attacks occur weekly, but a communique reports from a reliable source that a major drive on all fronts may be expected in the spring.

The result of the year's campaign may leave many feelings crushed or wounded on the field of experience but the fame of the heroes shall be spread throughout the province.

DAVID HALL.

TO THE WIND

Oh Wanton Wind, that sings o'er lea and moor,
But bring to me a draught of that perfume,
That leakage from the clover-scented store
When sun is hot and pixies dance at noon;

Oh Wanton Wind, that races o'er the brow
Of mountains looming 'gainst the dawn's pale
light,
Just bring for me sweet scented balsam bough
When you come home at night.

Oh Soothing Wind, that lulls the world to rest,
Throughout the velvet black of night just keep
A single glistening dewdrop, that I'm blessed
When Eastern Sun arises from his sleep.

And if, oh Wind, throughout this day you find
A wandering thought of pure, sweet ecstasy,
Be faithful, oh you Fluttering, Liling Wind,
And bring it safely home to 'bide with me.

—AGNES WILKINSON.

* * *

ENIGMA

(With the Poet's? apologies for the license taken
in the last line.)

When first I came to Normal School,
A motto strange I saw;
In scarlet hue upon the crest
Beneath the lamp of knowledge rest,
A phrase which filled with awe,
And set my feeble mind to race;
(It showed quite plainly on my face
And drooping lower jaw).
I turned both left and right for help,
(No Latin did I know)
But everywhere I met with woe;
Can no one tell me whence it came,
And set me free from sorry shame?
"Discimus Docendo."

—ALBERT HARDING.

* * *

A SEA SONG

Have you ever slipped out when the moon is high
To keep a tryst with the sea?
The breeze brings a message, a whispering sigh,
As it murmurs wistfully.

Have you ever stood by a silver bay
Bathed in the moon's pale beams
As the trees behind you softly say,
"Come, board your ship of dreams?"

Oh try it, friend, when the tide runs high,
When the sea croons a song of love,
And the breeze brings a message, a whispering
sigh,
While you wait 'neath the moon above.

—MARGARET BLACK.

MY CASTLES IN SPAIN

I crossed o'er the threshold and stood by the door
Of a little red school that bright morn;
A student out teaching for practice a week,
I felt rather lost and forlorn.
The children came shyly "Good Morning" to say,
I watched them the day's work begin;
An alien outside of this family, I felt,
And I longed to be taken within.

At recess all gathered their teacher around,
She shared in the stories they told;
I crept shyly up and about me soon felt
Their circle of friendship enfold.
The days sped by swiftly on wings of content;
I learned much of school-life and rule,
And beside this I quickly learned also to love
Teacher, pupils, and little red school.

I crossed o'er the threshold and stood on the step—
I turned to gaze back just once more;
The thought I was leaving brought tears to my eyes
And cut my pained heart to the core.
But Normal School summoned and answer I must,
The path of my duty lay clear,
But I stood there and built up my "Castles in
Spain"—

My hopes for my work of next year.

And this was the castle I built as I stood,
My heart full of pleasure and pain,
A little red school by the side of the road—
Yes, that was my "Castle in Spain."
A little red schoolhouse, some pupils to love,
With the joys and the sorrows Life brings,
What more could I ask but the guidance of Him
Who grants us such wonderful things.

—ELLEN M. JAMIESON.

* * *

EVENTIDE

For an hour or two in the evening
There comes a lull and a rest,
When all the twittering robins
Have quietly slipped to their nest;
The ducks are contentedly quacking,
There's no worry of field or grain;
Then we sit in a quaint old rocking-chair
Building our Castles in Spain.

Oh yes! There's a lull in the evening,
When the sun's rays have almost gone,
When dishes have ceased to rattle,
And all the men are at home;
When a soft wind is gently rocking,
And the broad-faced moon is agleam,
Ahl 'Tis then we can sit in that quaint old chair,
And drowsily think and dream.

—AGNES WILKINSON.

NORMAL SCHOOL MUSERS

(Parody on "The Solitary Reaper"—William Wordsworth.)

Behold us, poring o'er our books,
We do not see the printed page!
Musing and dreaming to ourselves,
Our thoughts flow to a bygone age.
Alone, we wander back, perchance,
To cock our heads, and look askance
At pranks we used to play in school
To test the teacher's temper cool.

No Normal School did ever hear
More lusty cries from straining throats
Of thousands, as our teams we cheer
To Victory! We still have hopes!
A book so chilling ne'er was read,
As "Pioneers" went to our heads;
We sketched and wrote from morn till night,
And still ten marks were out of sight!

Will someone tell us what to say?
Perhaps our wand'ring mind's at sea;
We long to take those cruises gay,
Where wafting breezes be.
Or are we destined more to raise
Our voices in a one-roomed school,
And simply dream of those fair days—
A Master in a Normal School.

Whate'er the theme of our school year,
We bend our heads in solemn vow;

We'll always love you, Mater, dear,
Since you have ably shown us how
To live above the Golden Rule,
And always keep our tempers cool;
Your counsel in our hearts we'll store
Long after we've passed through the door.

—ESTHER LAIDLAW.

* * *

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

There goes my last small problem out the door!
The room is strangely silent now, at four;
I need no desert place to kneel and pray,
The Master Teacher can't be far away—
Yet keep I must my little ones from harm
Until a mother's tender, loving arm
Encircles each small wanderer with joy
And closely hugs a rumpled girl or boy.
And now, dear Lord, forgiveness I implore
For harsh and bitter words I spoke before
I thought how soon blue eyes can fill with tears,
And rosy, little cheeks can pale with fears.
Oh, teach me kindly patience! Help me keep
Imprisoned words that cause a child to weep.
Tomorrow, help me teach instead with smiles,
And, Master, walk with me down narrow aisles
Through years of service, 'till life's clock strikes
four
And, homeward bound, a teacher shuts the door
And hurries gladly tow'rd the joy to be—
Led by a little child, at last, to Thee.

—MARY HOLLAND.

MEMBERS OF THE CRITIC STAFF

Empress Avenue School:

Mr. R. G. Fowler, B.A.
Miss Isobel Cooke
Miss Eva Darch
Miss Margaret Grieve
Mr. S. G. Munro, B.A.

Lady Beck School:

Mr. Mark Garrett
Miss Elva Armitage
Miss Jessie McWilliam

Lorne Avenue School:

Miss Hazel Henderson

Victoria School:

Miss Gertrude Bapty

Rural Schools:

Miss M. McLean, B.A.
Mrs. Helen Paterson
Miss M. Penhale
Mr. W. G. Rigney

Governor Simcoe School:

Mr. F. H. Galpin, B.A.
Miss Mable Buckle
Miss Iva Graham
Miss Lily Hoffman
Miss Muriel Lancaster
Miss Isobel McLeish
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Miss Margaret Belton

Tecumseh Avenue School:

Miss Gladys Morris

Wortley Road School:

Miss Annie Davidson

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Mr. A. F. McKillop, B.A.
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Mr. D. H. Strangways, B.A.
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YEAR BOOK EXECUTIVE

PHOTO BY LAIDLAW

Back Row: R. Brand (Art), H. Lossing (Photography), H. Gillott (Literary), M. Follick (Humour), L. Fairbairn (Ass't Business Manager), W. Harpur (Student Adviser).

Front Row: J. Mitchell (Business Manager), J. Healy (Editor), Dr. Hofferd (Adviser), R. Palmer (Assistant Editor).



BOYS' AND GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETIES

PHOTO BY LAIDLAW

Back Row: J. Houston, D. Hall, R. Jones, J. Odell, J. Mitchell, P. Annet, M. Francis, E. Roemelle, M. Reid, J. Dawson, J. Fuhrman, H. Garton.

Front Row: Miss Rider (Hon. President), R. Fairs (President), R. Noble (President), B. Caverly (President), A. Harding (President), Mr. McKone (Hon. President).



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FIRST TERM STUDENT PARLIAMENT

Back Row: M. Hainsworth, M. Allingham, R. Fairs (Treasurer), A. Hodgins, R. Williams.
 Front Row: H. Cruickshank (Vice-President), W. Harpur (President), J. Healy (Secretary).

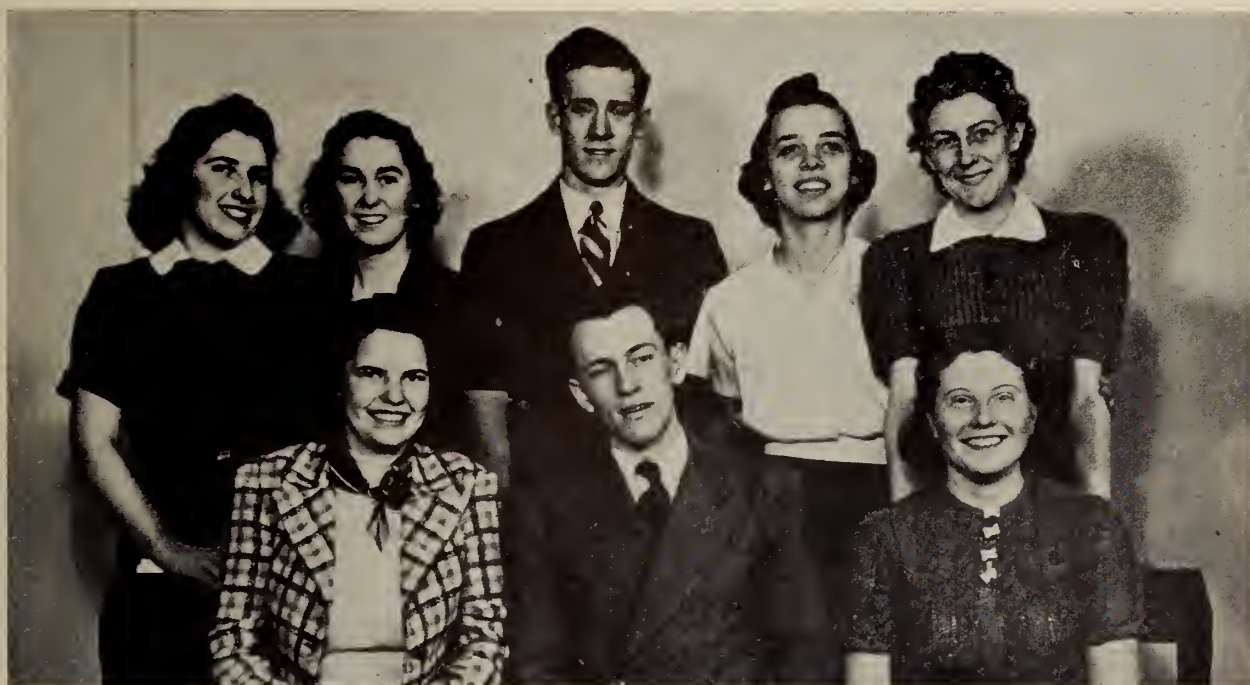


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SECOND TERM STUDENT PARLIAMENT

Back Row: J. Hill (Treasurer), J. Fydell, J. Fuhrman, G. King, B. Upfold.
 Front Row: J. Dawson (Vice-President), R. Jones (President), M. Rogers (Secretary).

SOCIAL CALENDAR

September 12: A date long anticipated and full of promise for the future! Mindful of the aims which brought us to Normal School, we took our places in Assembly that morning. Kindly greetings and jolly, offered by our Masters and Instructors alike, helped to dispel any tendency to formality. The ice was broken and we spent the remaining hours becoming acquainted with new friends from distant places.

September 15: More breaking of ice and more learning of new names and faces! Miss Rider led us in games on the campus, which were guaranteed to take the chill from any party. After a pleasant hour of play and fun we were free to depart to our homes for the week-end or to linger on the campus talking with new friends.

September 22: Our Play Day, as arranged by Miss Rider and her committee, was the occasion for much enjoyment. As a fitting climax to the play hour, Miss Rider extended an invitation to tea in the library. Here Masters and students mingled happily in a delightful social hour.

October 10: Mr. Henry, a representative of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, spoke of the work being done by that organization. Many students volunteered to aid the Institute in the selling of tags on Tag Day.

October 16: Miss Jean Browne of Toronto presented the features of the Junior Red Cross Organization to us, in an informative lecture.

October 18: The first in a series of dancing classes was supervised by Miss Rider. These classes have been both a source of pleasure and a means of forming new friendships.

October 23-24: It was indeed invigorating and inspiring to listen to a series of lectures presented by one of Canada's greatest women, Dr. Helen McMurchy (representing the Department of Health), who spoke to us, imparting some items from her vast experience in the realm of Health Education.

October 30: Our first big social event! The Hallowe'en party was arranged and skilfully directed by the Student Parliament Executive. The floor show, featuring talented members of our class, provided enjoyment and humour. The many costumes reflected originality and

good taste. Dancing and games were the order of the evening, and, after a buffet lunch, came the end of our Hallowe'en party.

November 10: Mr. George Corsan, a naturalist and writer of Ontario, spoke to us on "Trees." Several related subjects were used to add interest and humour to this topic.

November 13: Mrs. Silcox, a representative of the Home and School Association, described the values of the formation of such an organization in both rural and urban schools.

December 3: The Literary Society invited Mr. J. M. Humphrey to deliver an illustrated lecture on Canada. We are indebted to Mr. Humphrey for a vivid and eloquent description of many interesting districts of Canada.

December 15: Our Christmas party was a never-to-be-forgotten event. There were presents for all, and even Dear Old Santa was not forgotten! Like happy children, we spent the remainder of the afternoon playing with our toys, before sending them to a local welfare organization.

December 19: "The Saucy Hollandaise," presented by the Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Wheeler, our Music Instructor, was a distinct success.

January 29, 1940: Miss Elliott brought a message from the Dominion Department of Agriculture concerning certain food surpluses. Great interest was shown by all who heard Miss Elliott enlist our support.

February 5: The annual class banquet was held in the Normal School.

February 14: Dr. Harrison Lewis, an authority on bird life, told us of the economic and social importance of birds. This interesting lecture was accompanied by coloured lantern slides of several common birds of this district.

February 28: Mr. McNaughton and Miss Porte, members of the local Teachers' Federation, outlined for us the advantages of membership in such an organization.

March 13: The Inspector of Auxiliary Classes for Ontario, Dr. Stothers, placed before us, in a very stimulating manner, the great number of

provisions which have been made for the less fortunate or handicapped children of the province.

March 14: Mr. Keefe, Director of School Attendance for Ontario, visited us, to explain the marking of a class register. We shall no doubt remember with thankfulness the visit of Mr. Keefe when next September has passed.

April 9: Dr. Phillips, editor of "The School," visited London Normal School and outlined

the aims of this magazine. It was a pleasure to meet the genial editor of the magazine which has been presented gratis to each student during the past year.

Your Social Calendar is not complete. For your convenience, the following space has been allotted for its completion. One item which you might include is the trip to the O.A.C., Guelph, scheduled for May 23rd.

RUTH PALMER.

The University of Western Ontario

London, Canada

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Director of Summer School and Extramural Department.

ON THE NORMAL FRONT

FIRST TERM

Student Parliament

A THREE-CORNERED contest for the highest student executive position was climaxed by the election of Walter Harpur as president of the First Term Student Parliament. His crew consisted of Helen Cruickshank, Jean Healy, Reginald Fairs, Marjorie Allingham, Marjorie Hainsworth, Alice Hodgins and Ruth Williams.

The honorary president, Dr. Mark, ushered the ship off on its maiden voyage, which, although turbulent at times, was a pleasant one.

The first torpedo struck suddenly, when the officers were confronted with the fact that Hal-lowe'en fell on October thirty-first and a party was to mark the occasion. It was an hilarious success and well worth the effort expended.

Presently, it steamed into a sea studded with mines. The captain and the crew, however, averted serious damage to the ship of state and succeeded in sailing into neutral waters after selecting and selling the Christmas cards; ordering and distributing the sweat shirts; drawing up the budget and setting up the slate for the Year Book Committee.

Home port was reached at the end of January and the entire crew is grateful for the privilege and experience of guiding the affairs of the Normal School "ship of state."

JEAN HEALY.

Literary Society

WHEN the elections ended a week of campaigning and the significant fruit was removed from the bulletin board, we launched upon an enjoyable series of programmes.

As we look back, surveying the highpoints of the term, the splendid musical contributions stand out distinctly. Also, there are memories of keenly contested interform debates and a lively spelling match which revealed more than a little orthographical originality. Certainly not soon to be forgotten are the quiz programs which reviewed every conceivable topic and the delightful pantomime version of "Sleeping Beauty." But wait! There is another memorable event—our happy visit with Santa Claus.

The superb presentation of "The Bishop's Candlesticks" climaxed the varied programmes of the First Term. We sincerely hope that these programmes have provided not only entertainment but also helpful suggestions which may be used in our prospective schools.

MARY MacVICAR.

Boys' Athletic Society

THE Boys' Athletics played an important part in the Normal Year. Numerous activities contributed to the recreational side of school life and added zest to our round of studies.

Early in the year the Girls' and Boys' Athletic Societies coöperated to sponsor the Sweater Hop, an informal event which compared favourably with more pretentious functions.

Basketball was the most publicized of the boys' activities. At the beginning of the season a team was entered in the City League and, despite early set-backs, the boys finally hit their stride and chalked up several victories. Exhibition games were played with Strathroy and Norwich. Reg. Fairs, as captain, coach and star centre, was the mainspring of the team and deserves commendation for his tireless efforts.

The success which attended the efforts of the Athletic Society was due in no small part to the coöperation of the students, both those who took an active part and those who gave their support. The executive of the First Term is grateful for this evidence of Normal School spirit.

ROBERT JONES.

Girls' Athletic Society

ON October twentieth, the elections for the Girls' Athletic Society were held, with the following results: Honourary president, Miss Rider; president, Birdie Caverly; vice-president, Jean Dawson; secretary, Margaret Reid; treasurer, Eileen Roemmele.

The Athletic Society's main activity was on November twenty-third, when we were privileged to hear an address by the Rev. Mr. Colgrove, president of the London Astronomical Society, on "The Sun." After the lecture, the Athletic Societies entertained the students and their guests at a Sweater Hop. Dancing in the gymnasium to the music of such great orchestras as Guy Lombardo, Kay Kyser, and Glenn Miller was greatly enjoyed and to satiate the hunger and thirst of the dancers, delicious refreshments were served in the Household Science room.

As there was no city league open to the Normal School Girls' Basketball team, it was decided to invite some local teams to play either at the Normal School or at South Collegiate. With the exception of the interform games, the only game played during the First Term was with the Westervelt Girls, in which the Normal team was defeated but not vanquished.

MARGARET REID.

[Continued on page 47]

SECOND TERM

Student Parliament

THE January election of officers for the Second Term Student Parliament brought two members of each form into office:

President—Robert Jones.

Vice-President—Jean Dawson.

Treasurer—Jean Hill.

Secretary—Margaret Rogers.

Representatives—Form 1, Jack Fuhrman; Form 2, Jean Fydell; Form 3, Gladys King; Form 4, Bernice Upfold.

The reins of office were given over to this executive at a joint meeting of both parliaments on January the thirtieth. At this meeting plans for the banquet to be held on February the fifth were begun. Due to the unfailing coöperation of the staff and student body, this most important social function of the school year was a decided success.

Our next problem was the choice of a new design for the school rings and pins. Having accomplished this, we are now wearing the school insignia. Thus the work of the Second Term Student Parliament has culminated successfully.

MARGARET ROGERS.

Literary Society

WITH high ambitions, the Second Term Literary Society was launched in search of the treasure — interesting programmes. After our awkward debut devoted to impromptu speeches, the voyage seemed much smoother.

The students were given an opportunity to see pupil activities from the London Public Schools in the form of a dancing demonstration by the class of Mr. Sam Munro and choral reading exercises by the classes of Miss Cooke and Miss Lancaster.

A trip to Kellogg's Plant, a health programme presented by the Red Cross Society and a quiz contest added variety to our programmes.

Each Form presented an interesting contribution to our meetings. First Form presented a humorous play, "Rooting for Ruth." Second Form's contribution was an appropriate shadow play of "Memories." Third Form reviewed the life and melodies of Stephen Foster. Form Four capably enacted scenes from "As You Like It."

Members of the puppet group presented a novel programme consisting of five fairy tales. The puppets, whose voices and actions were controlled by the students, delighted the audience.

Our literary voyage was finished with a play, "Heard on a Bus," an original play written by Sister Grace, which provided a fitting climax recalling memorable incidents we have experienced at Normal School.

ABIGAIL LEES.

Boys' Athletic Society

THE Second Term executive was swept into office by acclamation. The personnel chosen included:

President—Reginald Fairs.

Vice-President—David Hall.

Treasurer—Harold Garton.

Secretary—James Mitchell.

Although unable to make sweeping victories over our opponents in basketball, we did make our best attempts. Among the many teams offering stiff opposition to our efforts in the City League were the Western Colts, London Teachers, "Y" Kings, Westervelts, and the C. N. R. Nationals.

Jointly, with the Girls' Team, we made arrangements for the entertainment of visiting basketball teams from Strathroy. After tasting defeat at the hands of a fine team, we entertained our opponents with refreshments and dancing.

Since spring days have arrived our attention has been turned to arrangements for the softball tournament which will be held in Guelph on May 23rd. On this occasion we will be in competition with teams from Stratford, Hamilton, and Toronto Normal Schools. It is our fond aim and ambition to emerge victorious from this meet.

JAMES MITCHELL.

Girls' Athletic Society

SO far the chief activity of the Second Term executive has been coöperating with a very active girls' basketball team. We were helped by Miss Prendergast and we beg to recommend her as an excellent referee.

The first three games this season, which were against Westervelts, Beck Collegiate and the H. B. Beal Technical School, were lost by the Normalites. Our girls finished with three wins, however, and a tie. The vanquished were Strathroy Collegiate, University of Western Ontario Intermediates, and Beck Collegiate. During the last game with Westervelts, which resulted in a tie, no fewer than three of our team were badly battered.

After the Strathroy game at the Normal School we entertained the visiting team at an informal dance.

Never will we forget the exciting game (unscheduled) against the Normal boys! They won by only one basket, too!

Our Normal School baseball team meets the teams from Hamilton, Toronto, and Stratford at the Inter-Normal baseball tournament held at Guelph on May 23rd.

JOYCE HOUSTON.

[Continued on page 47]



FIRST TERM LITERARY SOCIETY

PHOTO BY LAIDLAW

Back Row: M. Smith (President), R. Brand, L. Cohn (Vice-President).

Front Row: J. Dawson, M. MacVicar (Secretary), M. Follick (Treasurer), M. McKillop. (Absent: M. Saxon.)



SECOND TERM LITERARY SOCIETY

PHOTO BY LAIDLAW

Back Row: M. Black, S. Brett, M. O'Donnell, M. Taylor.

Front Row: A. Lees (Secretary), M. Francis (President), E. Parrish (Vice-President). Absent: C. Merrill (Treasurer).

GLEE CLUB EXECUTIVE

Left to right: Mr. Wheeler
(Director), E. Ward, S. Harris
(Secretary), E. Parrish
(Librarian), A. Berst (Presi-
dent).



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): M. Francis, J. Mitchell, R. Fairs
(Capt.), J. Fuhrman, W. Harpur.

Front Row (left to right): A. Harding, L. Fairbairn, W.
Forbes, H. Lossing.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): P. Annet, J. Dawson, M. Reid,
Miss Rider (Coach), M. McKillop, H. Gillott, A. Fletcher.

Second Row: D. Norman, B. Caverly, R. Noble, V. Elgie,
J. Odell.

Front Row: E. Roemelle, H. Taylor, J. Houston, J. Hill.



RED CROSS EXECUTIVE

Back Row (left to right):
D. Hall, M. Follick, M.
Hickson, H. Walker, A.
Berst.

Front Row: H. Gillott
(President), Miss Davidson
(Hon. President), R. Palmer
(Secretary).



Glee Club

LAST October, Mr. Wheeler struck a note that brought forth a responding chord when he suggested a Glee Club. Sessions have been held Tuesdays after four o'clock and have been supported well by tuneful teachers.

Officers elected for the term were: Alfred Berst, president; Sheila Harris, secretary; Elaine Ward, treasurer; Eileen Parrish, librarian.

In December, an operetta, "The Saucy Hollandaise," was presented by the talented members of the Club. It was a most successful presentation, providing a grand finale to our fall term and sending us home humming "It is a way we have in Holland."

At our banquet, February fifth, members of the operetta cast entertained with a parody on "What do we care if winds are blowing north," with apologies to the author, of course.

On April fourteenth, the Glee Club was permitted to display its abilities to the congregation of Dundas Centre Church, providing a new and profitable experience for us.

Our explorations into the realms of song during our year at Normal have proven both pleasant and profitable and we will often recall our melodic memories.

SHEILA HARRIS.

Puppet Group

BUT, Grandmother, what long ears you have!" Grandmother's long ears were not her only deformity when the would-be puppet makers had completed her, and she was not the only character who suffered disfigurement under our plastic surgery but, nevertheless, our Puppet Group will always look back with pleasure on the Saturday mornings we spent in the Art Room under Miss Emery's helpful supervision. Groups were formed, and each group selected some well-known fairy-tale, for which each member modelled a character.

Plans for the presentation of our fairy-tales at a Literary meeting ensued. Not the least of our problems was the writing of the script for this

event, but time and hard work remedied this, and we hereby declare that any resemblance of the puppets to any persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

SHIRLEY BRETT.

Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship

THROUGHOUT the busy Normal School year, the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship group enjoyed a time of spiritual refreshment every Tuesday at one o'clock. This time spent in prayer, Bible study and discussion, although short in duration, has proven to be of sustaining value to those who have attended.

With Mrs. J. W. Duncan as counsellor and frequent speaker at these meetings, members of the Fellowship have been spiritually enriched in the things of God.

This year the Normal School group has been joining hands with the Fellowship group at Western University. Several times during the year Western friends have visited Normal and have led some of the highlight meetings. In giving their personal witness and in telling what Christ has meant to them in every-day living, the students from Western have greatly contributed to the group at Normal.

"To Know Christ and to Make Him Known" is the motto of the Fellowship group. But it is no mere motto! Rather, it is a life principle which, when applied to actual living, makes life abundant and radiant. When Christ said "Come unto Me," He was offering this abundant life to everyone who would accept it.

DORIS MERCER.

General Science Club

UNDER the direction of Dr. Hofferd, Science Clubs were formed by the students of the 1939-40 class. Each form elected its own president and secretary. The officers were as follows:

Form I —President, David Hall.

Secretary, Edward Hammond.

Form II —President, Agnes Fletcher.

Secretary, Marion Brown.

[Continued on page 47]

"Knowledge once gained casts a light beyond its own immediate boundaries."—Tyndall.

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The Operetta

ON December 19, 1939, the auditorium of the London Normal School was filled to capacity for the presentation by the members of the Glee Club of "The Saucy Hollandaise," a two-act operetta. As the curtains were drawn following the overture played by Mr. Wheeler, director of the club, the audience found itself transported to the land of dykes and windmills, where men dress in balloon-legged pantaloons and women in laced bodices, colourful wide-flaring skirts and little white caps. Immediate introduction was made to the happy, care-free life of the Hollanders by the rousing opening chorus.

As the story unfolded, characters typical of Holland were depicted. There were the many sailors who work hard all day on the sea and who enjoy night life in company with the pretty little Dutch maidens. Among sailors, of course, is always the old sea-dog with his "Why, I remember the time when . . ." and his pipe. Here Joe, played by Albert Harding, gave a very striking example of such a sailor. Then, too, Holland is populated with a class of people called peasants who work the windmills and the land. Hans, characterized by Alfred Berst, took the part of one of these peasants, who was employed in the royal household to keep the princess from telling a secret she knew. His romance with the little tulip girl, Meena (Marion Moore), added interest to the plot.

Since any operetta is incomplete without a king, James Mitchell played this rôle, supported by his domineering queen (Elaine Ward). The story would not be complete without a beautiful princess; Marion Follick, in such a portrayal, sang her way into the heart of the ever-sneezing tenor prince, played by Howard Lossing.

The curtain dropped down after an amusing scene in which the Dutch Doctor, Reginald Fairs, performed a delicate trephining operation on two people at once, the King and Joe, the sailor. Fortunately, the operation was a success. The play ended happily.

Special mention should be given to Miss Gahan and Mr. Wheeler for their capable direction and the time they devoted to the performance. Costuming, the committee for which was convened by Katherine Watson with Miss Davidson's supervision, provided the right atmosphere. A beautiful scenic background painted by Miss Emery adapted the stage for the Dutch setting, and delightful lighting effects for the operetta were conceived by our technician, Ronald Brand. Dutch dances arranged by Miss Rider supplied an appropriate interlude during the performance. Without the complete coöperation of all these people the operetta could not have been a success and their efforts are greatly appreciated.

GRACE TURNBULL.

The Class Banquet

THE Spirit of Joy stole into London Normal School on his endless quest of Fun and Frolic that night—February the fifth. He was not an unexpected guest, for under Miss Davidson's guidance, we students had been preparing for our most important social function. Masters, honorary guests and students enjoyed a delicious dinner under the tiny gumdrop trees in Room 16.

How proud we were of the toasts so ably proposed and responded to by our classmates. It was a pleasure to meet the representatives of three other Normal Schools. Music rendered by the Glee Club created a fanciful atmosphere for the occasion. The guest speaker, Dr. Wilson of Western University, delivered a practical psychological address, spiced with humour gleaned from his wide experience.

Then the Spirit of Joy whisked us upwards, into the gym, transformed for the occasion. The girls, clad in dresses of every hue, danced with their escorts against a background of crimson and gold.

All too quickly the Spirit of Joy stole quietly into the night, leaving only an unbroken silence as the last of the merrymakers departed.

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ABIGAIL LEES.

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: HUMOUR :

Advice to the Forlorn

Dear Fanny Fix:

Question: What does a Noble man do about a sprained ankle?

Answer: Aw, Shaw! Wait until it is better.

* * *

Dear Fanny Fix:

Question: And there she was standing beside me and all we needed was an altar and a preacher.

Answer: Well, that part will come soon enough. Just have a little more faith in Leap Year, Milt.

* * *

Dear Fanny Fix:

Question: I like to sing, I love music, but how can I make the vocal chords respond the way I want them to get the right Brand of music?

Answer: Just be brave and keep trying—perhaps you will surprise yourself.

* * *

IN FUTURE YEARS

We will see Eddie Hammond teaching music with a pitch fork.

Will we still see a certain young lady (?) and gentleman (?) jitterbugging in the middle of the icy Wortley Road pavement?

What will become of a certain young man who grew healthy and strong because he came from the farm?

Could Santa ever forget X ? ? ? ? ?

What will be the fate of the girl who ate spinach to give her muscles the strength to hit an innocent little boy in school?

What will the students of London Normal School of 1939-1940 look like after a few years of teaching in a room with low humidity? Ask Dr. Hofferd.

NAMES, NONSENSE

Young William(s) Banghart on the Broadwood of the Brown Beech door and Hollard "O'Donnel, Duck Russell up some guns, the Campbells are coming with their Caverly to Robb us and they Foster-ed the idea and went through the Hall.

* * *

The Noble Normans of Nottingham forest passing through the Parrish Terman went up the Hill to visit the three Kings of Yorke Manore.

* * *

A CLEAN ROMANCE

He: May I hold your Palmolive?

She: Not on your Lifebuoy, Ivory formed.

He: Then I'm out of Lux.

* * *

SPEECH TRAINING

Bill had a bill board and Bill had a board bill. When Bill's board bill bored Bill, Bill sold his bill board to pay his board bill. Then Bill's board bill bored Bill no more.

* * *

In History class, Mr. McEachern remarked: "I don't see why you find it so hard to remember dates—I never had any trouble."

* * *

Dr. Hofferd: Mr. Smith, explain the Pasteurization of milk.

Malcolm: Yes sir, what part of it do you not understand?

* * *

Waiter at Tokak: Are you Hungary?

Mitchell: Yes, Siam.

Waiter: Den Russia to a table.

Mitchell: All right, Sweden my coffee and Denmark my bill.

The Horse's Mouth

"Oh where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"To the horse's mouth, kind sir," she said.

"But why go there, my pretty maid?"

"To solve a problem, sir," she said.

"Now, what is your problem, my pretty maid?"

"It's a Normal School problem, sir," she said.

"I must find out how, why and when Chemistry affected the lives of men."

"Then where are your text-books, my pretty maid?"

"I don't need any, sir," she said.

"I'm simply following the Normal School course—And so, kind sir, I'm hunting a horse."

"If there's something you'd like to know, Because Dr. Hofferd says it's so,

The horse's mouth has the answer true,
And will solve all problems for me and you."

"But there's something, sir, that's not quite clear:
Can you tell me how the answers appear?
Are they written in black and white,
And what will happen if the horse should bite?"

"But to instructions I will cling,
For concrete material is the thing.
So be it north or be it south,
I'm on my way to the horse's mouth."

"Yet, kind sir, when I'm old and gray
And have something to do with political sway,
I'll see that for following the Normal School course
The school is equipped with a real live horse."

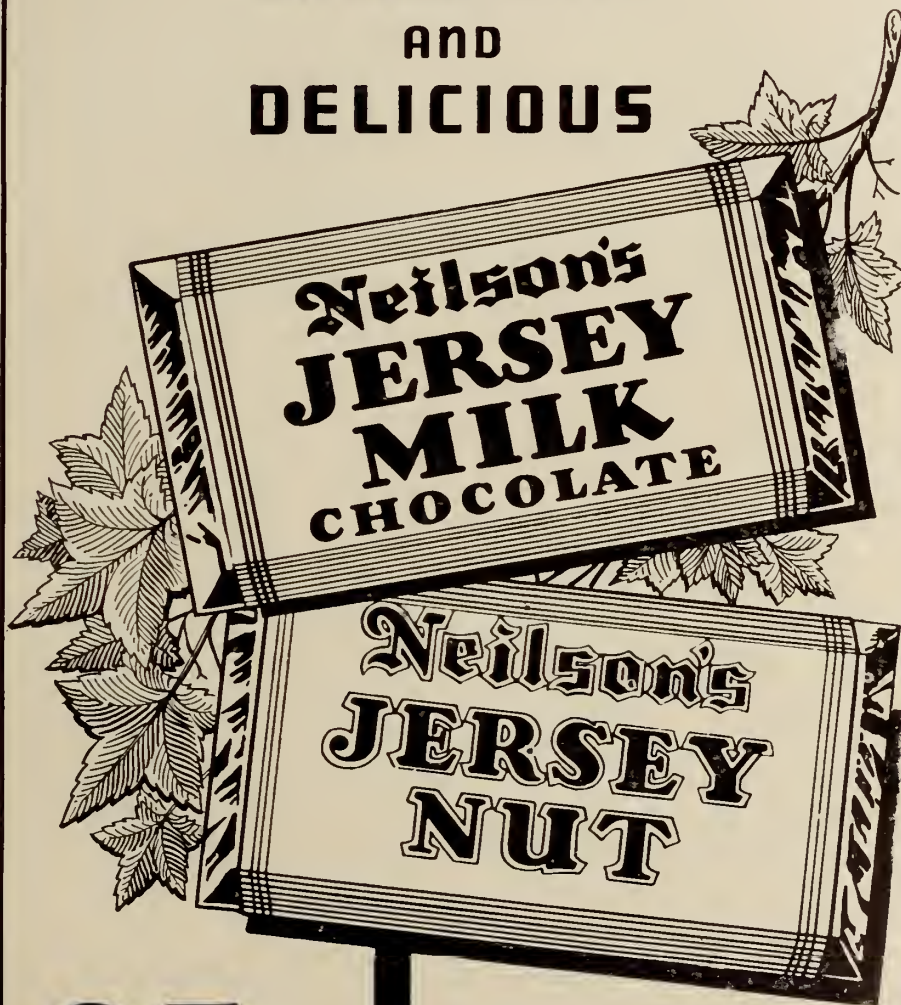
—AGNES FLETCHER.

AUTOGRAPHS

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HUMOUR

Mr. McEachern: What inspired the pioneers to set forth in their covered wagons?

Bob Jones: Well, maybe they didn't want to wait thirty years for a train.

* * *

Davy has found that while late hours are not very good for one, they are most enjoyable for two.

* * *

Mr. McKone (finishing an algebra problem): "Thus $X=0$."

Lossing: "Gosh, all that work for nothing!"

* * *

Dr. Hofferd: Miss Caverly, what can you tell me about nitrates?

Birdie: Please, sir, they're much cheaper than day rates.

Mother: Johnnie, did you fall down in the mud in your good trousers?

McGugan: Yes, mother, I didn't have time to take them off.

Harding: Haven't I danced with you before?

Miss Rider: Possibly; the pressure of your feet feels familiar.

* * *

Mr. Clarke: Mr. Francis, you're twenty minutes late. Don't you know what time we start to work here?

Milt: No, sir, they're always started when I get here.

* * *

Helen's latest poetic fancy:

"Oh to be in England

Now that Jimmie's there!"

TEACHERS DO GET MARRIED!

One's loss is another's gain!

One young lady of Form IV bade farewell to school work and worry when, on February 10th, Marion Saxon became the bride of Alfred Lawson, in First United Church, St. Thomas.

We were sorry to see you leave us, Marion, but we all join in wishing you every happiness in your future life.

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DIRECTIONS FOR KNITTING SOCKS

ATTENTION MEN!

THESE instructions are issued for the benefit and assistance of those loyal Normal School boys who are actively doing their bit by knitting garments for the troops. For the advanced knitters of socks we offer these directions:

Start knitting; knit two and two together; drop one—and there are now three left; therefore, slip one, slop one, knit to and fro; heel and toe, 1, 2, 3, hop; before and behind hop; knit one not two; forget one, now two; pick up one, drop it, undrop it.

To turn the heel—cast off two plain, cast them on again; now is the critical moment—look care-

fully about, then purl rapidly in all directions; breathe again; now it is all plain knitting; drip one, drop one, then drop the sock; the sock is now gray; knit gray socks for 18 more rounds. Finish off with bottoms at heel and toe and bottom hole to correspond if possible.

N.B.—There should be a hole at the top or elsewhere for inserting ribbons, feet, etc. If there aren't any, you should start over again. If after twilled, tousled and, in fact, practically worsted, he should, if a Christian, turn the other heel and knit all this the knitter finds that he is becoming teased, on knot withstanding.

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VALEDICTORY

AND now it is time to say good-bye. Almost a year has passed since first we joined hands on the campus 'way back in September and said, "How do you do?" We played games that day, gamboled on the grass and ate ice cream. The nuclei of permanent friendships were born. We laughed and were gay for were we not starting on the last lap of our "dependent stage?"

Yet, if we remember rightly, there were some tremors of uncertainty. What was going to happen? How would we make out? Could we make a success of it? Who were these strange masters we had heard about? For long our viewpoint had been solely that of the student. The tables were now to be reversed. Hm! . . . how would we like that?

Then into the assembly. The first lesson—learning about nothing! What kind of school is this? And horror of horrors! What is the man going to do next? Sit us with a girl? But we don't know her; what in the world shall we talk about? No matter, retreat is cut off by the figure on the platform. Sit with a girl we do. "Eh, ah . . . well . . . yes . . . yes . . . oh, of course we like it! Yes, yes; we've lived here all our lives, London? Oh, very lovely place . . . yes, yes, indeed!" And all the time the "mixer" is having the time of his life laughing at our furiously blushing faces.

How many essays could be written on the subject "My First Lesson"? How many emotions do those three words contain?

We would be amazed if we ever stopped to analyze ourselves after our year at Normal. So busy have we been that this, in many cases, has never been done. Quietly but surely our lives have been revolutionized. Our outlook on life, our opinions, our prejudices, our very beings have been changed. It is truly a gigantic step we have taken. We came here as students. Whether happy-go-lucky or serious, we still were pupils. We had to be made into teachers. And what a task that must be! Our mode of living, for the most part, had formerly been determined by others. Neglecting heredity for the moment, our conduct had been the result of our environment. In other words, we had been learning up until now to follow the dictates of society—to do what we were told to do. And now we had to learn to do not only the telling but also the stimulating and directing.

It is hard even at this late hour to realize the enormity of our task. We, who have always followed, now must lead. We, who have carried only text-books, now must carry responsibility. The words we have heard since childhood now come to life, vividly, almost alarmingly so: "You, the future leaders of the State . . ." These words could mean to us, as students, merely a more or less satisfactory introduction to a more or less satisfactory speech. It was hard for us, always down to our last dime and wondering how to make a suitable "touch" off Dad, to imagine ourselves as "future leaders." Now, we are. Therefore, what must we do?

In any community the teacher is a person on the same rather remote level as the minister and doctor. His word is respected; his person is an example for youth to follow. If he puts his mark of approval on any action, it means that said action is approved by the State; the people; those who are known vaguely to "run things." It means that the teacher must always be right, must always be in favour of that which produces "the greatest good for the greatest number."

It is apparent now how great a gap there is between a man such as this and the wide-eyed, impulsive and credulous school-boy.

Our duty is evident. To execute this duty faithfully we must make practical use of all we have accumulated in knowledge, skills and attitudes. Our burden of responsibility, although new and real, can be for all that a joyful one. For what satisfaction can equal that which comes from a task well done?

To those men and women, who in the last year have led us across the final bridge from "helplessness to independence," who have taught us to "go to the horse's mouth," may we simply say, "Our thanks to you!"

What better thought can we take into the world than the words of Shakespeare:

"This above all: to thine own self be true.

And it must follow as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man?"

—MALCOLM SMITH.

ON THE NORMAL FRONT

Continued from page 32

Red Cross Society

ENTHUSIASM and loyalty have been characteristics of our Red Cross Society. In keeping with the aims of this organization, a two-fold programme has been carried out, consisting of Service and Health Education.

Service, the key-note of one phase, found expression in the willing hands of the students, who knit articles of wearing apparel for the soldiers. Many who had never mastered the art of knitting took up needles and were able to complete socks, scarves and sweaters.

The promotion of Health Education was furthered by a series of twenty lectures and demonstrations on Home Nursing and First Aid. These classes were under the direction of Miss McLaughlin, and were organized by the Canadian Red Cross Society.

As a fitting climax to the year's work, we presented a Health programme at one of the Literary Society meetings. This programme emphasized the necessity of good health habits. The antics of Mr. Cold and his unsuccessful attempts to infect the "Careful Boys and Girls" will not be forgotten.

As we look back over the past year, and realize satisfaction from pleasant associations, let us thank Miss Davidson for the kindness and guidance which she has shown to our society.

RUTH PALMER.

Continued from page 33

Badminton Club

ON January 30th a meeting was held in Room 23 for the purpose of organizing a Badminton Club in the Normal School. At this well-attended meeting the following executive was elected:

President—Jean Wallace.

Secretary-Treasurer—Reg. E. Fairs.

Games Committee—Howard Lossing, Joyce Stauffer, Eileen Roemmele.

Several Monday nights of play have been enjoyed in the School Gymnasium and the Club has been most successful.

Much of this success can be attributed to the fine coöperation which the Club has received from the Staff members and notably from Miss Rider and Mr. McKone.

Unfortunately, time has not permitted that we enter any outside tournaments as we should have liked to. However, we feel that the main purposes behind the Club have been realized. First, we

have had fun and Monday night was always welcomed as a short "break" from the regular routine. Second, and perhaps more important, many students have learned the rudiments of Badminton, one of Canada's fastest growing winter sports.

REG. E. FAIRS.

GENERAL SCIENCE---Continued from page 36

Form III—President, Jean Houghton.
Secretary, Gladys King.

Form IV—President, Phyllis Wyeth.
Secretary, Mary Taylor.

Our activities were varied, instructive and interesting. Many experiments explaining certain phenomena of Nature were demonstrated by the members and special observations and experiences were described. The Science Club was responsible for excursions conducted to Kellogg's, Silverwood's, the Middlesex Seed Fair, the farm stock and greenhouse of the Ontario Hospital, and to Saunder's Pond for the observation of birds. From these we obtained much new knowledge in a direct and interesting way.

The club work succeeded well in fostering a wider and deeper knowledge and appreciation of man's environment and his work.

JEAN HOUGHTON.

Normal School Church Service

ON Sunday, April 14, the London Normal School held an unprecedented church service in Dundas Centre United Church. Through the untiring efforts of our Music Master and organist of that church, Mr. C. E. Wheeler, our Glee Club occupied the choir loft and assisted in the service.

Dr. Mark assisted the minister, Dr. McLean, in the service and expressed our gratitude to the congregation for its kind invitation. Dr. McLean's message to us was both vital and interesting, the topic being "The Final Examination."

The Normal School's contribution to the service was musical and included the anthems "Praise Ye the Father" (Gounod) and "The Palms" (Faure). A two-part ladies' rendition of "The Angelus" (Chaminade) was given by the girls. Our two songsters, Marion Follick and Howard Lossing, impressed the whole congregation with their duet, "By Gift of Love," from "Victory Divine" (Christopher Marks), and during the offertory Alfred Berst and Albert Harding played a violin and 'cello interpretation of Handel's "Largo," accompanied by Mr. Wheeler at the organ.

We, of the London Normal School '40, extend to Mr. Wheeler our thanks for his efforts and trust that our precedent will become an annual custom.

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Tea will be served to all the graduates of the
L.N.S. on Friday, December 27, in the Library,
from 3-5.30 p.m. We will be looking forward to
renewing our friendships!

Complete the day at the Alumni Dance, Convo-
cation Hall, Western University, at 9 p.m. Let's
give our year the biggest representation. We'll be
seeing you! For further details, see Bob Jones.

Want a good time???

Where?—At the Alumni Reunion.

When?—Friday, December 27, 1940.

Place—London Normal School Library.

Time—3 p.m.

Mr. McKone: It gives me great pleasure to see
your shiny faces before me this morning.

Marg. Reid: Shiny faces? Good grief! Where's
my powder puff?

* * *

Dr. Mark: I'm tempted to give this class a
management test.

Hazel Taylor: Yield not to temptation, sir.

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